INT. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

SIMMONS watches a star-fighter escort them through the window. After a moment, from his POV, his thumb and forefinger pinch it.

SIMMONS
(EXPLOSION NOISES)

Enter GRIF. Simmons snaps back to a normal pose.

GRIF
Dick my neck is fucking ***killing me***.

SIMMONS
Uh huh.

GRIF
I think it's the work, y'know. Workin' too much.

Simmons is trying not to look interested.

SIMMONS
(BEAT)
Do you drink coffee when you work?

GRIF
Mostly as a vehicle for cream but yeah. Why do you wanna know that?

SIMMONS
Forget it.

Beat.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
Magnesium.

GRIF
What?

SIMMONS
Caffeine impairs magnesium absorption. I got wicked back-ache from peeling potatoes til I switched. To decaf.

GRIF
Why don't I know that you get back aches?

SIMMONS
Why would you?

They stare out the window silently.

GRIF
You know that's the longest conversation we've had in a year.

SIMMONS
(LAUGHS BITTERLY)
So you can't read body language.

GRIF
Huh?

SIMMONS
I don't have to be your friend. Okay? It's easier if I'm just not.

GRIF
You're such a nard! Why do you take every little fucking thing so serious?

Look of disbelief from Simmons. Grif avoids it.

GRIF (CONT'D)
(BEAT)
We used to be pretty close.

Through the window, two escorts in formation. Symmetry.

GRIF (CONT'D)
Is it because (when)

SIMMONS
It's because when the Tower of Procreation was activated we had sex with each other-

GRIF (CONT'D)
I ***knew*** you'd be weird about it!

Enter SISTER.

SISTER
What are you guys talking about?

SIMMONS
Nothing.

GRIF
Simmons thinks oral counts as sex.

SISTER
Simmons is right.

SIMMONS
Let me feel weird!

GRIF
(ANNOYED BEAT)
Okay, if theoretically a magic spell made me and Simmons perform sex acts on each other-

SIMMONS
Hey!!

GRIF
-does it count as like- I mean, should Simmons be weird about it?

SISTER
Oddly specific. No, I don't think so. I don't think it counts. In fact it'd be pretty fucked up. Theoretically.

GRIF
Thank you.

SIMMONS
You don't know.

SISTER
But from what I hear it was called the Temple of ***Procreation***, i.e. reproduction.

Grif & Simmons look at each other, confused.

SIMMONS
What's she saying?

SISTER
I'm saying whatever happened in that storage closet had nothing to do with that heterosexual temple energy. And if, say, you two were already in love with each other it sure would make things weird, if you were compelled to screw before even really confessing your feelings.
(BEAT)
And maybe you think you feel weird about the temple because of its creepy sex magic but in truth you wanted to do it and you did it. Maybe you did it because you thought you'd never get to again. Maybe you were on the same page.
(MORE)

SISTER (CONT'D)
Maybe because you’re in a weird macho military unit, where being square is so at the forefront you all call each other by last names,
(TOUGH VOICE)
Grif, Simmons-
(/VOICE)
-you’re not allowed your own feelings. Hey Simmons buddy you’re looking red.

GRIF
That’s just his armor!

SISTER
Being tough means confronting shit. Especially if you’re scared of it.
(WALKS AWAY)
Food for thought.

Simmons & Grif stare out the window.